

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Nec habeo, nec Curo, nec Curo.



R. E. Sculpsit

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To any body.

I O recreate my selfe, after some
more serious Studies, Itooke oc-
casion to exercise my Inuention
in the illustration of my *Motto*,
which being thus finished, my
friends made me beleue it was
worth the preserving, and grew so importunate
for *Coppies* thereof, that I could not deny them.
But doubting, lest by often transcribing, it
might be much lamed through the *Scribes* in-
sufficiency (as many things of this nature are)
I thought fitting, rather to exemplifie the
faint, by the *Bresse*, then by the *Penne*. And to
that end, deliuered it ouer to some *Stationers*,
to haue onely so many *Copies*, as I intended to
bestow.

Yet considering that other men (to whom
I meant them not) might peraduenture come

to the view of those Lines. I thought it not
amisse, by way of Precaution, to remoue
such Cauills as may be made against mee, by
those vnto whom I am vnkowne: Not, that
I care to giue euery idle Reader, an account of
my Intentions: But, to shew the *Ingenuos*,
that the *Carelesnes* expressed in this *Motto*, pro-
ceeds from an vndistempered *Care*, to make all
my Actions (as neere as I can) such, as may be
decent, warrantable, and becomming an ho-
nest Man: And that those, who shall foolishly
seeke (from thence) to picke aduantages a-
gainst me: may know, I am too well aduised
to write any thing, which they shall be iustly a-
ble to interpret, either to my hinderance, or
disparagement.

Let me want esteeme among all good men,
if I purposed (or haue any secret desire in me)
that any part of this, should be applied to any
particular man; but so as euery one ought to
apply things vnto his own Conscience; and he
that beleeuues me not, I feare is guilty. My in-
tent was, to draw the true Picture of mine own
heart; that my friends, who knew me out-
wardly, might haue some representation of my
inside also. And that, if they liked the forme
of

of it, they might (wherein they were defective) fashion their owne mindes thereunto. But, my principall Intention, was by recording those thoughts, to confirme mine owne Resolution; and to preuent such alterations, as Time and infirmities, may worke vpon mee. And if there be no more reason inferred against mee, to remoue my opinion, then I am yet apprehensue of: I am confidently perswaded, that neither Feare, nor Force shall compell me, to deny any thing which I haue affirmed in this Poem. For, I had rather bee degraded from the greatest *Title of Honour* that could be giuen me; then constrained to deny this *Motto*.

Proud Arrogance (I know) and enough too; will be layd to my charge. But those who both know me, and the necessitie of this Resolution, will excuse me of it. The rest (if they mis-censure me) are part of those things, *I care not for*.

The Language is but indifferent; for, I affected *Matter* more then *Words*. The *Method* is none at all: for, I was loath to make a businesse, of a recreation. And we know, he that rides abroad for his pleasure, is not tyed so

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strictly

it self to keepe *High-wayes*, as hee that takes a
Iourney.

If the intermixing of sleight and weighty
things together, be offensive to any. Let them
vnderstand, that if they will obserue it, they
shall finde a seriousness, euen in that which
they imagine least momentary. And if they
had aswell obserued the conditions of men,
as I haue done: they would perceiue that the
greatest number (like Children which are allu-
red to Schoole with points and Aples) must be
drawne on with some friuolous expressions, or
else will neuer listen to the graue precepts of
Virtue; which, when they once heare, doe
many times beget a delight in them, before
they be aware.

Many Dishes of meate which we affect not
may be so Cookt, that we shall haue a good ap-
petit vnto them: So, many men who take no
pleasure to seeke *Vertue* in graue Treatises of
Morallitie, many (perhaps) finding her vn-
lookt for, masked vnder the habit of a light *Po-
em*, grow enamord on her beauty.

The foolish *Canterbury Tale* in my *scourge* of
Vanitie, (which I am now almost ashamed to
read ouer) euen that, hath bin by some prayed
for

for a witty passage: And I haue heard diuers
seriously protest, that they haue much more
feelingly bin informed, & moued to detest the
Vanity of the humors there scoffed at, by that
rude *Tale*, then they were by the most graue
precepts of Philosophy. And that makes me
oftentimes affect somethings, in regard of their
vsefulness: which being considered according
to the Method of Art, and rules of Scholler-
ship, would seeme ridiculous.

But I vse more words for my Apology then
needes: If this will not giue you satisfaction,
I am sorry I haue said so much; and, if you
know which way, satisfie your selues. For, how
I am resolved (if you thinke it worth the taking
notise of) the booke will tell you. *Farewell.*

Geo: WITHER.

for a witty passage: And I have heard divers
 seriously protest, that they have much more
 feelingly disapproved, than to do it, the
 Vanity of the human mind: as by that
 rude Tale, which is set by the most famous
 precepts of Philosophy. And that makes me
 often in vain, and sometimes in vain, and
 foolishness: which being considered according
 to the Method of Art, and rules of Scholars
 this would be a ridiculous thing.
 But I view more words, and more Apology than
 needed: If this will not give you satisfaction,
 I am sorry I have said so much; and, if you
 know which way I think you should. For how
 I am resolved (if you think it worth the saying)
 none of the book will tell you. Farewell.

Geo: Wither.

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WITHER's Motto.

Nec habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.

Nor Haue I, nor Want I, nor Care I.

HAh! will they storme? why let the; who needs care?
Or who dares frown on what the *Muses* dare,
Who when they list, can for a tempest call,
Which thunder louder then their fury shall?
And if men causelesly their power contemne,
Will more then mortall vengeance fling on them?

With thine owne trembling spirit, thou didst view
These free-borne lines; that doubtst what may ensue:
For if thou feltst the temper of my soule,
And knewst my heart, thou wouldst not feare controul.

Doe not I know, my honest thoughts are cleare
From any priuate spleene, or malice here?
Doe not I know that none will frowne at this;
But such as haue apparant guiltinesse;
Or such as must to shame and ruine runne,
As some, once ayming at my fall haue done?

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And can I feare those Idle fear-crowes then ?
Those bugg-bears perils, those meere shades of men ?
At whose displeasure they for terror swear,
Whose heart vpon the Worlds vaine loue is set ?

No; when this *Motto* first, I mine did make,
To me I tooke it, not for fashion sake :
But that it might expresse me as I am ;
And keepe me mindefull to be still the same.
Which I resolute to be : For, could the eye
Of other men, within my breast espie
My Resolution, and the Cause thereof;
They durst not at this bold lesse make a skoffe.

Shall I be fearefull of my selfe to speake ;
For doubt some other may exceptions take ?
If this age hold ; ere long we shall goe neere
Of eu'ry word of our, to stand in feare.
And (true to one) if any should confesse
Those sinnes in publike, which his soule oppresse :
Some guilty fellow (moou'd thereat) would take it
Vnto himselfe ; and so, a libell make it.
Nay ; We shall hardly be allowd to pray
Against a crying sinne ; lest great men may
Suspect, that by a figure we intend
To point out Them : and how they doe offend.
As I haue hope to prosper ; e're I'll fall
To such a bondage, I'll aduenture all :
And make the whole world mad, to heare how I
Will fearelesse write and raile at Villanny.
But oh ! beware (gray-hayrd discretion sayes)
The Dogg fights well that out of danger playes.

For

WITHER'S MOTTO.

For now, these guilty Times so captious be,
That such, as loue in speaking to be free;
May for their freedome, to their cost be silent,
How harmelesse e're they be, in their intent;
And such as of their future peace haue care,
Vnto the *Times* a little while are.

Pish; tell not me of *Times*, or danger thus;
To doe a villany is dangerous;
But in an honest action, my heart knowes
No more of feare, then dead-men doe of blowes.
And to be slaue to *Times*, is worse to me
Then to be that, which most men feare to be.

I tell thee *Critike*; whatsoeuer Thou,
Or any man, of me shall censure now:
They, who for ought here written doe accuse,
Or with a minde malicious, taxe my *Muse*;
Shall not by day awake, nor sleepe by night,
With more contentment, in their glories height;
Then I will doe, though they should lay me where
I must in darkenes, bolts of Iron weare,
For, I am not so ignorant, but that
I partly know what things I may relate:
And what an honest man should still conceale,
I know as well, as what he may reueale.

If they be poore and base, that feare my straine:
These poore base fellowes are afraid in vaine.
I scorne to spurne a dogge, or strike a flye,
Or with such Groomes to soile my Poesie,
If great they were, and fallen; let them know,
I doe abhor to touch a wounded foe,

WITHERS MOTTO.

If on the top of honour, yet they be:
Tis poore weake honour, if ought done by me
May blot, or shake the same: yea, whatsoere
Their Titles cost, or they would faine appeare,
They are ignoble, and beneath me farre;
If with these *Measures* they disproportioned are,
For, if they had true Greatnesse, they would know,
The spight of all the World, were farre below
The seate of Noblest Honor; and that He,
In whom true worth, and reall Vertues be,
So well is arm'd: as that he feares no wrong
From any Tyrants hand, or Villaines tongue.
Much lesse be startled at those *Numbers* would;
Where *Vertue's* praised, and proud *Vice* contrould,
Is any man the worse if I expresse

My *Wants*, my *Riches*, or my *Carelesnesse*?
Or can my honest thoughts, or my content,
Be turn'd to any mans disparagement,
If he be honest? Nay, those men will finde,
A pleasure in this Picture of my Minde,
Who honour Vertue, and instead of blame,
Will (as they haue done) loue me for the same.

You are deceiu'd, if the *Bahemian* State
You thinke I touch; or the *Palatinate*:
Or that, this ought of *Eighty-eight* contains;
The *Powder-plot*, or any thing of *Spaines*:
That their *Ambassador* neede question me,
Or bring me iustly for it on my knee.
The state of those Occurrences I know
Too well; my Raptures that way to bestow.

No

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Not neede you doubt, but any friend you haue;
May play the foole, and if he list the knaue,
For ought here written : For it is not such
As you suppose, nor what you feare so much,

If I had beene dispos'd to Satyrize,
Would I haue tam'd my *Numbers* in this wise?
No : I haue *Furies* that lye ty'd in chaines,
Bold (English-mastive-like) aduentrous *Straines*;
Who fearelesse dare, on any *Monster* flye,
That weares a body of Mortality.
And I had let them loose, if I had list,
To play againe, the sharpe-fangd *Satyrists*.

That therefore, you no more mis-tittle *This*,
I say, it is my *Motto*; and it is.

I'll haue it so : For, if it please not me;
It shall not be a *Satyr*, though it be.
What is't to you (or any man) if I,
This little *Poem* terme as foolishly,
As some men do their children? Is it not,
Mine owne *Minerva*, of my braines begot?
For ought I know, I neuer did intrude,
To name your *Whelps* : and if you be so rude,
To meddle with my *Killing* (though in sport)
Tis odds, but shée'll goe neere to scratch your face.

Play with your *Monkey* then, and let it lye;
Or (if you be not angry) take it pray,
And read it ouer. —————

————— So; the *Critic's* gone,
Who at these *Numbers* carpt; and We alone :
Proceede we to the matter. —————

WITHERS MOTTO.

Nec Habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.

Some having seen, where I this Motto write
Beneath my Picture; ask, what meant it.

And many in my absence, doe ask
What by these words, they best conceit may.

Some have supposed, that it doth expresse,
An unadvised, desperate Carelesnesse.

Some others doe imagine, that I meant
In little, to set forth a great Content.

Some, on each member of the Sentence dwell,
And (first) will, what I have not, seeme to tell.

What things I want not, they will next declare;
And then they gesse, for what I doe not care.

But that they might not from my meaning err,
I'le now become my owne Interpreter.

Some things I have, which here I will not show;
Some things I want, which you shall never know.

And sometime I (perchance) doe Carefull grow;
But we, with that, will nothing have to doe.

If good occasion be thereof to speake;
Another time, we may the pleasure take.

That, which to treat of, I now purpose (therefor,)
Is what I neither have, nor want, nor care for.

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Nec Habes.

ANd first; that no man else may censure me;
For Vaunting what belongeth not to me:
Heare what *I haue*; for, I'll not deny
To make confession of my pouerty.

I haue not of my selfe, the powre, or grace,
To be, or not to be; one minute-space.

I haue not strength another word to write;

Or tell you what I purpose to indite:

Or thinke out halfe a thought, before my death,

But by the leaue of him that gaue me breath.

I haue no natieue goodnes in my soul;

But I was ouer all, corrupt and foul:

And till another cleans'd me, *I had nought*

That was not stain'd within me: nor a thought.

I haue no proper meritt; neither will,

Or to resolute, or act, but what is ill.

I haue no meanes of safety, or content,

In ought which mine owne wisdome can inuent.

Nor haue I reason to be desperate tho;

Because for this, a remedy I know.

I haue no portion in the world like this,

That I may breath that ayre, which common is:

Nor haue I scene within this spacious Round;

What I haue worth my *Ioy* or *sorrow* found.

Except it hath for these that follow him;

The Loue of my Redeemer, and my sin.

In none

WITHERS MOTTO.

*I none of those great Priuiledges haue,
Which make the Admions of the Time, so braue.
I haue no sumptuous Pallaces, or Bowers
That ouertop my neighbours, with their Towrs.
I haue no large Demcānes & Princely Rents,
Like those Heroes; nor their discontents.
I haue no glories from mine ancestors;
For want of reall worth to bragge of theirs
Nor haue I basenes in my pedigree;
For it is noble, though obscure it be.*

*I haue no gold those honours to obtaine,
Which men might heretofore, by Vertue gaine,
Nor haue I witt, if wealth were giuen me;
To thinke, bought Place or Title, honour'd me,
I (yet) haue no beliefe that they are wise,
Who for base ends, can basely temporise:
Or that it will at length be ill for me,
That I ha'd poore, to keepe my Spirit free.*

*I haue no Causes in our Pleading Comys.
Nor start I at our Chancery Reports.
No fearefull Bill hath yet affrighted me,
No Motion, Order, Iudgement, or Decree.
Nor haue I forced beene to tedious Iourneys,
Betwixt my Counsellors and my Attorneys.
I haue no neede of those long-gowned warriors,
Who play at Westminster vnarm'd at Barriers:
Nor gamster for those Common-pleas am I,
Whose sport is marred, by the Chancery.*

*I haue no iuggling hand no double tongue;
Nor any minde to take, or doe a wrong.*

WITHER'S MOTTO

*I have no shifts or cunning sleights, on which
I feed my selfe, with hope of being rich.
Nor have I one of these, to make me poore;
Hounds, Humors, running Horses, Hawkes, or Whore.*

*I have no pleasure in acquaintance, where
The Rules of State, and Ceremoney, are
Observ'd so seriously; that I must daunce,
And act o're all the Complements of France,
And Spaine, and Italy; before I can
Be taken, for a well-bred Englishman.
And every time we meet, be for't agen,
To put in action that most idle Seene.
Mong these, much precious time (unto my cost)
And much true-hearted meaning have I lost.
Which having found: I doe resolve therefore,
To lose my Time, and Friendship, for no more.*

*I haue no Complements; but what may show,
That I doe manners, and good breeding know.
For much I hate, the forced, Apish tricks,
Of those our home-disdaining Politicks,
Who to the Forraigne guise are affected,
That English Honesty is quite reiected;
And in the stead thereof, they furnish home,
With shaddowes of Humanity doe come.
Oh! how iudicious in their owne esteeme,
And how compleatly, Travell'd they seeme;
If in the place of real kindnesse,
(Which Nature could, haue taught them to expresse)
They can with gestures, lookes, and language sweet,
Fawne like a Cuitezan, on all they meete:*

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And vie, in humble and kind speeches; when,
They doe most proudly, and most falsely meane.

On this; too many falsely set their face,
Of Courtship and of wisdom: but tis base.
For, seruile (vnto me) it doth appeare,
When we descend, to sooth and flatter, where
We want affection: yea, I hate it more,
Then to be borne a slaue; or to be poore.
I haue no pleasure, or delight in ought,
That by dissembling, must to passe be brought.
If I dislike, I'le sooner tell them so,
Then hide my face, beneath a friendly show.
For he, who to be iust, hath an intent,
Needs nor dissemble, nor a lye inuent.
I rather wish to faile with honestie,
Then to preuaile in ought by treacherie.
And with this minde, I'le safer sleepe, then all
Our *Machauillian* Politicians shall.

I haue no Minde to flatter; though I might,
Be made some Lords companion; or a Knight.
Nor shall my Verse for me on begging goe,
Though I might starue, vnlesse it did doe so.

I haue no *Mases* that will serue the turne,
At euery Triumph; and reioyce or mourne,
Vpon a minutes warning for their hire;
If with old *Sherry* they themselues inspire.
I am not of a temper, like to those
That can prouide an houres sad talke in *Prose*,
For any Funerall; and then goe Dine,
And choke my griefe, with Sugar-plums and Wine.

I can

WITHERS'S MOTTO

I cannot at the *Claret* sit and laugh,
 And then halfe tipfie, write an *Epitaph*;
 Or howle an *Epicedium* for each *Groome*;
 That is by Fraud, or Nigardize, become
 A welthy Alderman: Nor, for each Gull,
 That hath acquir'd the stile of Worshipfull,
 I cannot for reward adorne the Hearse,
 Of some old rotten *Miser* with my Verse:
 Nor like the *Postasters* of the Time;
 Goe howle a dolefull *Elegie* in Ryme,
 For euery Lord or Ladiship that dyese
 And then perplex their Heires, to Patronize
 That muddy *Poesie*. Oh! how I scorne
 Those Raptures, which are free, and nobly borne,
 Should Fidler-like, for emertainment scrape
 At strangers windowes: and goe play the Ape,
 In counterfeiting Passion, when there's none.
 Or in good earnest, foolishly bemoane
 (In hope of cursed bounty) their iust death;
 Who, (living) merits not a minutes breath
 To keepe their *Fame* alive, vnles to blow,
 Some Trumpet, which their black disgrace may show.

I cannot (for my life) my *Pen* compell,
 Vpon the praise of any man to dwell:
 Vnlesse I know, (or thinke at least) his worthy
 To be the same which I haue blazed forth.
 Had I some honest *Suit*; the gaine of which,
 Would make me noble, eminent, and rich:
 And that to compasse it, no meanes there were
 Vnlesse I basely flatter'd some great *Petres*;

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Would with that Suite, my ruine I might get:
If on those termes I would endeavour it.

I haue not bin to their condition borne,
Who are enclined to respect, and scorne;
As men in their estates doe rise or fall:
Or rich, or poore, *I Vertue* loue in all.
And where I find it not, I doe dispise
To fawn on them; how high so ere they rise.
For, where proud *Greatnesse* without worth I see:
Old *Mordecai* had not a stiffer knee.

I cannot giue a *Plaudit* (I protest)
When as his Lordship thinks, he breakes a Icast:
Vnles it moue me; neither can I grin,
When he a causeles laughter doth begin.
I cannot sweage him, truly honourable;
Because he once receiu'd me to his table:
And talk't, as if the *Muses* glad might be;
That he vouchsafed such a grace to me.
His slender worth, I could not blazon so,
By strange *Hyperboles*, as some would do.
Or wonder at it, as if none had bin
His equall, since King *William* first came in.
Nor can I thinke true *Vertue* euer car'd
To giue or take, (for praise) what I haue heard,

For, if we peyze them well, what goodly grace,
Haue outward Beauties, Riches, Titles, Place,
Or such; that we the owners should commend;
When no true vertues, doe on these attend?
If beautifull he be, what honor's that?
As fayre as he, is many a Beggors brat.

WITHER'S MOTTO.

If we, his noble Titles would extoll;
Those Titles he may haue and be a fool.
If Seats of Iustice he hath climb'd (we say)
So Tyrants, and corrupt oppressors may,
If for a large estate his praise we tell:
A thousand Villaines, nay, be prais'd as well.
If he, his Princes good esteeme be in;
Why, so hath many a bloudy Traytor bin.
And it in these things he alone excell,
Let those that list, vpon his praises dwell.
Some other worth I find, ere I haue sense
Of any praise-deseruing excellence.
I haue no friends, that once affected were,
But to my heart they sit this day as neare,
As when I most endear'd them (though they seeme,
To fall from my opinion or esteeme;
For pretious Time, in idle would be spent;
If I with All, should alwayes complement,
And till, my loue I may to purpose show;
care not wher' they thinke I loue or no.
or sure I am, if any finde me chang'd;
their greatnes, not their meannesse me estrang'd.
I haue not priz'd mens loues, the lesse or more,
because I saw them, either rich, or poore;
but as their loue, and Vertues did appeare,
such esteem'd them, whatsoe're they were.
I haue no trust, or confidence in friends,
that seeke to know me, meereley for their ends,
Nor haue I euer said, I loued, yet;
If Where I expected more then *Loue* for it,

WITHERS MOTTO.

And let me faile of that where moſt I lou'd,
If that with greater ioy I be not mou'd,
By twenty-fold; when I my kindenes ſhow,
Then when their fauours they on me beſtow.

I haue not that vile mind; nor ſhall my breaſt
For euer, with ſuch baſeneſſe be poſſeſt;
As in my anger (be it ne're ſo juſt)
To vtter ought committed to my truſt
In time of friendſhip: though conſtrained ſo,
That want of telling it, ſhould me vndo.
For, whoſoe're hath truſt repoſ'd in me;
Shall euer finde me true, though falſe he be.

I haue no loue to Country, Prince or Friend;
That can be more, or leſſe, or haue an end.
For whatſoeuer ſtate they rais'd me to;
I would not loue them better then I do.
Nor can I hate them; though on me they ſhould
Heape all the ſcorne, and iniury they could.

I haue no doting humor, to affect
Where loue I finde rewarded with neglect.
I neuer was with melancholy fit
Oppreſſed in ſuch ſtupid manner, yet,
As that vnghently to my friends I ſpake;
Or heed to their contentment did not take:
Nor haue I felt my anger ſo enflam'd
But that with gentle ſpeech it might be tam'd.

I haue no priuate cauſe of diſcontent;
Nor grudge againſt the publike gouernment.
I haue no ſpight, or enuy in my breaſt,
Nor doth anothers peace diſturbe my reſt.

I ha

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I haue not (yet) that dunghill humour, which
Some Great-men haue; who, so they may be rich,
Thinke all gaine sweet, and nought ashamed are,
In vile, and rascall Suires to haue a share.
For I their basenes scorne: and euer loth'd
By wronging others, to be fed or cloth'd.
Much more, to haue my pride, or lust maintain'd,
With what, by foule oppression hath bene gain'd.

I haue not bene enamor'd on the Fate
Of men, to great aduancements fortunate.
I neuer yet a Favourite did see
So happy, that I wished to be hee:
Nor would I, whatsoe're of me became;
Be any other man, but who I am.
For, though I am assur'd the destiny
Of millions tendeth to felicity:
Yet, those deare secret comforts, which I finde,
Vnseene, within the closet of my minde:
Giue more assurance of true happines,
Then any outward glories can expresse.
And 'tis so hard, (what shewes soe're there be)
The inward plight of other men to see:
That my estate, with none exchange I dare,
Although my Fortunes more dispis'd were.

I haue not hitherto divulged ought,
Wherein my words dissented from my thought,
Nor would I faile; if I might able be;
To make my manners, and my words agree.
I haue not bene ashamed to confesse
My lowest Fortunes, or the kindnesses,

WITHERS. MOTTO.

Of pooreſt men: Nor haue I proud beene made,
By any fauour from a great Man, had.

I haue not plac't ſo much of my Content,
Vpon the goods of *Fortune*, to lament
The loſſe of them; more then may ſeemely be,
To grieue for things, which are no part of me.
For, I haue knowne the worſt of being poore;
Yea loſt, when I to loſe haue had no more,
And though, the Coward *World* more quakes for feare
Of Pouerty, then any plagues that are:
Yet, He that mindes his End, obſerues his Ward,
The Meanes perſues, and keepes a heart prepar'd;
Dares, Scorne, and Pouerty as boldly meete;
As others gladly, Fame, and Riches greet.
For thoſe, who on the ſtage of this proud World,
Into the pawes of *Want* and *Scorne* are hurld:
Are in the *Maſter-prize*, that trieth men;
And *Vetue* fighteth her brau'ſt Combat, then.

I no Antipathy (as yet) haue had,
Twixt me, and any Creature, God hath made:
For if they doe not ſcratch, nor bite, nor ſting,
Snakes, Serpents, Todes, or Catts, or any thing
I can endure to touch, or looke vpon:
(So cannot eu'ry one whom I haue knowne.)

I haue no Nation on the earth abhord,
But with a *Jew*, or *Spaniard* can accord,
As well, as with my Brother; if I ſiude
He beare a Verruous, and Heroicke minde.

Yet (I confeſſe) of all men, I moſt hate
Such, as their manners doe adulterate.

Thoſe

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Those Linſy-woolſie people, who are neither
French, Engliſh, Scotſh, nor *Dutch* : but altogether
Thoſe, I affect not ; rather wiſh I could,
That they were fiſh, or fleſh, or hott, or cold:
But none among all them, worſe brooke I, then
Our meere Hiſpaniolized *Engliſh men*.

And if we ſcape their Trecheries at home,
I'll feare no miſchiefes, where ſo e're I come.

I haue not fear'd who my Religion knowes:
Nor euer for preferment, made I ſhowes
Of what I was not. For, although I may
Through want, be forc't, to put on worſe array,
Vpon my body ; I will euer finde,
Meanes to maintaine, a habit for my Minde,
Of Truth in graine : and weare it, in the ſight
Of all the world ; in all the worlds deſpight.

I, their preſumption, *haue not*, who dare blame,
A fault in others ; and correct the ſame
With grieuous puniſhments : yet guilty be,
Of thoſe offences in more high degree.
For, oh ! how bold, and impudent a face,
(And what vnmooued hearts of Flint and Braſſe)
Haue thoſe corrupted *Magiſtrates*, who dare,
Vpon the ſeat of Iudgment ſit ; and there
Without an inward horror preach abroad,
The guilt of Sinne, and heauy wrath of God ;
(Againſt offenders pleading at their *Barr*)
Yet know, what plots, within their boſomes are?
Who ; when (enthron'd for Juſtice) they behold,
A reuerend *Magiſtrate*, both graue, and old:

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And heare how sternly, he doth aggrauate
Each little crime, offenders perpetrate :
How much the fact he seemeth to abhorr;
How he, a iust correction labours for ;
How he admires, and wonders that among
A people, where the Faith hath florish't long,
Such wickednes should raigne which (he hath heard)
The Heathen to commit, haue bin affeard.

Who, that obserues all this; would thinke that He
Did but an houre before, receiue a fee,
Some Innocent (by law) to murther there ?
Or else, from Children fatherles to teare
Their iust Inheritance ? and that when this
Were done (as if that nought had beene amisse)
He could goe sleepe vpon a deed so foule ;
And neither thinke on mans, or Gods controule?
I haue not a stupidity so madd,
And this presumption, I would no man hadd.

I haue no question made, but some there are,
Who, when of this my *Motto* they shall heare ;
Will haue a better stomach, to procure
That I may check, or punishment endure,
Then their owne euill manners to amend :
For that's a worke, they cannot yet intend,
And though, they many view (before their face)
False, and each minute falling to disgrace ;
(For lesse offences farr then they commit)
Without remorse, and penitence they sit.
As if that They, (and they alone) had binne,
Without the compasse of repropse of sinne.

I haue

WITHERS MOTTO.

I haue no great opinion of their witt,
Nor euer saw their actions prosper, yet,
Who wedded to their owne deuises be;
And will not counsell heare, nor danger see,
That is foretold them by their truest friends:
But rather, list to them, who for their ends
Doe sooth their fancies. And the best excuse,
That such men can, to hide their folly vse;
(When all their idle projects come to nought)
Are these words of the foole. *I had not thought.*

I haue not their delight, who pleasure take
At Natures imperfections skoffs to make.
Nor haue I bitternes against that sinne
Which thorow weakenes hath committed binn,
(For I my selfe, am to offences prone;
And euery day commit I many a one)
But at their hatefull crymes I onely glance
That sinne of pleasure, pride, and arrogance.

I haue not so much knowledge as to call
The *Arts* in question; neither wit so small
To wast my spirits, those things to attaine;
Which all the world hath labour'd for in vaine.

I haue not so much beauty, to attract
The eyes of Ladies: neither haue I lackt
Of that proportion which doth well suffice
To make me gracious, in good peoples eyes.

I haue not done, so many a holy deed;
As that of *IESVS CHRIST*, I haue no need.
And my *good-workes* I hope are not so few;
But that in me a liuing *Faith* they shew.

I haue

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I haue not found ability so much,
To carry Millstones; yea, and were it such,
I should not greatly vaunt it: for, in this,
A scuruey pack-horse farr my better is.
I loue his manly strength, that can resist
His owne desires: force passage when he list
Through all his strong affections, and subdue,
The stout attempts of that rebellious crewe.
This, were a brauer strength then *Sampson* got:
And this, I couet, but *I haue* it not.

I haue not so much heedlesnes of things,
Which appertaine vnto the Courts of Kings;
But that from my low station, I can see
A Princes loue may oft abused be.
For many men their countrie iniure dare
At home; where, all our eyes vpon them are.
And (of the worlds Protector) I implore,
The trust abroad, be not abused more.

I haue no Brother, but of younger age,
Nor haue I Birth-right without heritage:
And with that land, let me inherit shame;
Vnlesse I grieue when I possesse the same.

The value of a penny *haue* I not,
That was by bribery or extortion got.
I haue no Lands that from the Church were pild,
To bring (hereafter) ruine to my childe.
And hetherto, I thinke, I haue beene free
From Widdowes, or from Orphans cursing me.

The *Spleene*, the *Collicke*, or the *Lethargy*,
Gonts, *Palsies*, *Dropsies*, or a *Lapacy*.

I (by

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I (by inheritance) haue none of these:
Nor rainging sinne; nor any foule disease.

I haue no debts, but such as (when I can)
I meane to pay; nor is there any man
(To whom I stand ingag'd by ought I borrow)
Shall losse sustaine, though I should die to morrow.
And if they should (so much my friends they be)
Their greatest losse the'le thinke the losse of me.
And well they know, Trooke not what they lent,
To wrong their loues, or to be idly spent.

Except the *Deuill*, and that cursed brood,
Which haue dependance on his Deuill-hood
I know no foes I haue, for, if there be,
In none, more malice, then I finde in me:
The earth, that man (at this time) doth not beare
Who would not, if some iust occasions were;
(Eu'n in his height of spleene,) my life to saue,
Adventure with one foot, into his graue.

To make me carefull; Children *I haue none*;
Nor haue I any Wife to get them on;
Nor haue I, (yet to keepe her, had I one;
Nor can this spoile my Marr'age being knowne,
since I am sure, I was not borne for her,
That shall before my worth, her wealth prefer:
Or, I doe set my Vertues, at a rate
As high as any prise their Riches at.
And if All count, the venture too much cost,
In keeping it my selfe there's nothing lost.
Or, she I wedd, shall somewhat thinke in me
More worthy Loue, then great reuenues be.

And

WITHERS MOTTO.

And if I finde not one, of such a mind,
(As such indeed, are Jewels rare to find)
Ile clasped in mine owne embraces lye:
And neuer touch a woman till I dye.

For, shall a Fellow, whom (the Vsurer)
His father, by extortion did prefer
Vnto an heritage in value cleare,
Aboue foure times a thousand pounds a yeare
So worthy, or so confident become?
(By means of that his goodly annuall summe,
Which may be lost to morrow) as to dare
Attempt a *Nymph* of Honor for his pheare?
Shall he, that hath with those foure thousand pounds
A gaming vaine; a deepe-mouth'd cry of Hounds,
Three cast of Hawkes, of Whores as many brace,
Six hunting Naggs, and five more for the race:
(Perhaps a numerous brood of fighting Cocks)
Phisitions, Barbers, Surgeons for the Pox;
And twenty other humors to maintaine;
(Beside the yeerely charges of his traine)
With this reuenu? Most of which, or all,
To morgage must be set; perhaps to sale
To pay his creditors, and yet all faile
To keepe his crasie body from the laile?
Shall this dull Foole, with his vncertaine store
(And in all honesty and Vertues poore)
Hope for a *Mistresse*, noble, rich, and faire?
And is it likely, that I can dispaire
To be as happy, if I seeke it would?
Who such a matchlesse fortune haue in hold;

WITHER'S MOTTO.

That though the *World* my ruine plot and threat,
I can in spight of it be rich, and great?

A silly Girle, no sooner vnderstands,
That shee is left in Portion, or in Lands;
So large a fortune, that it doth excell
The greatest part, who neare about her dwell:
But straight begins to rate, and prize her selfe
According to the value of her pelfe.
And though to Gentry, nor good breeding born;
Can all, that haue estates beneath her, scorn.

This witt a *Woman* hath; and shall not I,
Who know I haue a *Wealth*, which none can buy
For all the world; expect a nobler phere
Then sutes vnto a hundred pounds a yeere?
Shall loue of Truth, and Vertue make of me
A match no better worthy, then is He
Who knowes not what they meane? and doth possesse
In outward fortunes neither more nor lesse?

Haue I oft heard so many fayre ones plaine
How fruitles Titles are? how poore and vaine
They found rich greatnes, where they did not find,
True Loue, and the endowments of the mind?
Haue fayrest Ladies often sworne to me
That if they might, but onely, *Mistresse* be
Of true affection; they would prize it more
Then all those glories, which the most adore?
Haue I obseru'd how hard it is to find
A constant heart? a iust and honest mind?
How few good natures in the world there are,
How scanty true affection is? how rare?

And

WITHERS MOTTO.

And shall I passe as true a Heart away,
As hath concei'd an honest thought to day;
As if in value to no more it came,
Then would endear me to a vulgar Dame
On equall termes? or else vndoe me with
Some old rich Croan, that hath outliu'd her teeth?
I'le rather breake it with proud scorne; that dead,
The wormes may rifle for my *Mayden-brad.*

I haue no loue to beauties, which are gone
Much like a Rose in Iune, as soone as blowne,
Those painted *Cabinets* and nought within,
Haue little power my respect to win.
Nor haue I, yet, that stupid loue to pelfe,
As for the hope thereof, to yoke my selfe
With any female; betwixt whom, and me,
There could not in the soule, a marriage be.
For who soeuer ioyne without that care,
Foolles, and accursed in their matches are
And so are you; that either heare or view
What I auerr; vnlesse you thinke it true.

I haue no meaning, whensoere I wed,
That my companion, shall become my head.
Nor would I (if I meant to keepe my right)
So much as say so, though that win her might.
Not though a Duchesse: for, the meanes Ile vse
To keepe my worth, though my reward I loose.
Yea, from a prison had she raised me,
Lord of her fortunes, and her Selfe to be;
I that respect, would still expect to haue,
Which might become her Husband; not her slaue.

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And should I spouse a Begger ; I would shew
What loue, and honor, to a wife were due.

I haue not, yet, of any skorned binn ;
Whose good opinion, I haue sought to winn.
Nor haue I (when I meane to wooe) a feare,
That any man, shall make me, willow weare.

I haue not eyes so excellent, to see
Things (as some men can do) before they be.
Nor purblinde sight, which crimes farre off can mark:
Yet seeme, to faults, which are more neare me, dark.

I haue not cares for euery tale that's told :

Nor memory, things frimelous to hold.

I haue not their credulity that dare,

Giue credir vnto all reports they heare.

Nor haue I subiect to their dulnes heene,

Who can belecue no more then they haue seene.

I haue no feeling of those wrongs that be

By base vnworthy fellows, offerd me :

For, my comentment ; and my glory, lyes

About the pr.ch, their spight, or malice flyes.

I haue not neede enough, as yet, to serue ;

Nor impudence to craue, till I deserue.

I haue no hope, the worlds esteeme to get :

Nor could a foole, or knaue, e're brooke me yet.

I haue not villany enough, to prey

Vpon the weake : or friendship to betray.

Nor haue I so much loue to life, that I

Would seeke to saue it by dishonesty ;

I haue not Cowardise enough to feare,

In honest actions ; though my death be there :

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Nor heart, to perpetrate a wilfull sinne :
Though I with safety, large renowne might winne ;
And for omitting it, were sure to dye,
Ne'r to be thought on, but with infamy.

I haue not their base cruelty, who can
Insult, vpon an ouer-griued man :
Or tread on him, that at my feet doth bow.
For, I protest, no villany I know
That could be done me ; but if I perceiu'd
(Or thought) the doer, without faigning grieu'd :
I truely could forgiue him ; as if hee
Had neuer in a thought abused mee.
And if my loue to mercy, I belye
Let God deny me mercy when I dye.

I haue not that vnhappinesse, to be
A Rich mans Sonne : For he had trained me,
In some vaine path ; and I had neuer sought,
That knowledge which my pouerty hath taught ?

I haue no inclination to respect
Each vulgar complement, nor neglect
An honest shew of friendship : For, I sweare,
I rather wish, that I deceiu'd were ;
Then of so base a disposition be,
As to distrust, till cause were giuen me.

I haue no Constitution, to accord
To ought dishonest, sooner for a Lord,
Then for his meanest Groome ; and hopes there be
It neuer will be otherwise with me.

I haue no pollicies to make me seeme
A man well worthy of the worlds esteeme.

WITHERS MOTTO.

Nor haue I hope, I shall hereafter grow,
To any more regard, for saying so;

I haue no doubt, thought here a slighted thing;
But I am fauorite, to Hea^u'ns great King.

Nor haue I feare but all thats good in me;
Shall in my Life, or Death, rewarded be.

But yet, *I haue* not that attain'd, for which
Those who account this nothing, thinke me rich:
Nor that, which they doe reckon worth esteeme;
To whom the riches of the minde, doe seeme
A scornefull pouerty. But let that go,

Men cannot prize the Pearles they doe not know:

Nor haue I power to teach them: for if I,
Should here consume the gift of Poesie:

(And wholly waste my spirits, to expresse
What rich contents, a poore estate may blesse)

It were impossible, to moue the sense
Of those braue things, in their intelligence:

I haue not found, on what I may relie;
Vnlesse it carry some Diuinitie

To make me confident: : for all the glory,
And all hopes faile; in things meere transitory.

What man is there among vs, doth not knowe;

A thousand men, this night to bed will goe,

Of many a hundred goodly things possesse;

That shall haue nought to morrow but a Chest;

And one poore Sheet to lie in? What I may,

Next morning haue, I know not; But to day,

A Friend, Meat, Drinke, and fitting Clotbes to weare;

Some Bookes and Papers, which my Iewels are;

WITHERS' MOTTO.

A *Servant* and a *Horse*: all this I haue,
 And when I dye, one promist me a *Grave*.
 A *Grave*; that quiet closet of Content:
 And I haue built my selfe a *Monument*.
 But (as I liue,) excepting onely this:
 (Which of my wealth the *Inuentory*, is)
 I haue so little; I my oath might saue.
 If I should take it, that I, *nothing haue*.

Nec Careo.

AND yet, what *Want I*? or who knoweth how,
 I may be richer made then I am now?
 Or what great *Peere*, or wealthy *Alderman*,
 Bequeath, his sonne, so great a Fortune can?
I nothing want that needfull is to haue;
 Sought I no more, then Nature bids me craue.
 For, as we see, the smallest *Vials*, may
 As full as greatest *Glasses* be; though they
 Much lesse containe: So my small portion giues
 That full content to me; in which he liues,
 Who most possesseth: and with larger store,
 I might fill others, but my selfe, no more.

I want not Temperance, to rest content
 With what the prouidence of God, hath lent;
Nor want I a sufficiency, to know;
 Which way to vse it, if he more bestow.
 For, as when me, one horse would easier beare,
 To ride on two at once, it madnes were:

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And, as when one smal Bowle might quench my thirst;
To lift a Vessell, that my backe might burst
Were wondrous folly: So absurd a thing,
It were in me; should I negle & a Spring,
(Whose plenty may a Countries want supply)
To dwell by some small *Poole* that would be dry.
If therefore ought doe happen in the way;
Which on a iust occasion seeke I may:

I want not resolution to make triall;

Nor want I patience, if I haue deniall.

Men aske me what Preferment I haue gain'd;

What riches, by my Studies are attaind:

And those that fed, and satined are with drasse

For their destruction; please themselves to laugh

At my low Fate; As if I nought had got

(For my enriching) cause they saw it not.

Alas! that Mole-ey'd issue, cannot see,

What Patrimonies, are bestow'd on me.

There is a brauer wealthines, then what;

They, (by abundance) haue arriued at.

Had I their wealth I should not sleepe the more

Securely for it; and, were I as poore

In outward fortunes, as men shipwrakt are;

I should, (of pouerty) haue no more feare,

Then if I had the Riches and the powers;

Of all the Easterne Kings, and Emperors.

For, grasse though trod into the earth may grow;

And highest Cedars, haue an overthrow.

Yea, I haue scene, as many begger'd by

Their fathers wealth; and much prosperity;

WITHERS MOTTO.

As haue by want mis-done. And for each one,
Whom by his riches, I aduanc't haue knowne;
I three could reckon, who through being poore,
Haue raifd their Fortunes, and their friends the more.

To what contents, do men most wealthy mount,
Which I enioy not; if their Cares we count;
My clothing keepes me full as warme as their,
My Meates vnto my taste, as pleasing are,
I feed enough my hunger to suffice;
I sleep, till I my selfe, am pleas'd to rise.
My Dreames as sweet, and full of quiet be;
My waking cares, as seldome trouble me.
I haue as oftentimes, a Sunny day;
And sport, and laugh, and sing, as well as they.
I breath as wholefome, and as sweet an Ayre;
As louing as my *Misresse*, and as faire,
My body is as healthy; and I finde,
As little cause of sicknesse in my minde.
I am as wise, I thinke, as some of those;
And oft my selfe as foolishly dispose:
For, of the wisest, I am none (as yet)
And I haue nigh as little haire as wit:
Of neither haue I ought to let to farre,
Nor so much want I, as may keepe me warme.

I finde my Liuer sound, my Ioynts well knit:
Tooth, and good *Diet*, are my Doctors yet.
Nor on *Potatoes*, or *Eringoes* feed I;
No Meates restorat'ue, to raise me, need I:
Nor *Amber-greece*, with other things confected,
To take away the stinke of Lungs infected,

I neuer

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I neu'r in need of *Pothicary* stood.
Or any Surgeons hand to let me blood,
For since the Rod, my Tutor hurled by,
I haue not medled with *Phlebotomy*.

As good as other mens, my senses be;
Each limbe I haue, as able is in me.

And whether I, as louely be, or no:

Tis ten to one, but some doe thinke me so.

The wealthiest men, no benefits possesse,

But I haue such; or better, in their place.

As they my low condition, can contemne;

So, I know how to fling a scorne at them.

My Fame, is yet as faire, and flies as farre,

As some mens, that with Titles laden are.

Yea, by my selfe much more I haue attain'd,

Then many, haue with helpe of others gain'd.

And my esteeme, I will not change for their,

Whose Fortunes are ten thousand more a yeare.

Nor want I so much grace, as to confesse;

That God is Author of this happinesse.

I want not so much iudgement, as to see

There must twixt men and men, a difference be:

And I, of those in place, account do make,

(Though they be wicked) for good orders sake.

But I could stoope to serue them at their seete,

Where old *Nobility*, and *Vertue* meet.

To finde mine owne defects, *I want not* sense:

Nor want I will to grieue, for my offence.

To see my friend misdoe, *I want not* eyes;

Nor Loue, to couer his infirmities.

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I want not Spirit, if I once but know
The way be iust, and noble that I goe.
My mind's as great as theirs that greatest are;
Yet, I can make it fit the clothes I weare.
And whether I ascend, or lower fall:
I want not hope, but I preferue it shall.

I want no slanders; neither want I braine,
To scorne the Rascall rumors, of the vaine
And giddy multitude, And (trust me) they
So farr vnable are to talke away
My resolution; that no more it feares
The worst their ignorance, or malice dares:
Then doth the *Moune*, when doggs and birds of night,
Doe barking stand, or whooting at her light,
And if this mischiefe, no way shun I could,
But that they praise me, or dispraise me would:
I rather wish, their tongues should blast my name;
Then be beholding to them for my fame.

I want nor witt, nor honesty enough
To keepe my hand, from such base Rascall stuffe,
As if a *Libell*: For, although I shall
Sometime let flye, at *Vice* in generall;
I spare particulers; Nor shall a Knaue
In my *Lines* liue, so much as shame to haue.
But in his owne corruption, dye, and rot;
That all his memory may be forgott.

I want not so much Knowledge, as to know,
True *Wisedome*, lies not in a glorious show
Of humane Learning; or in being able
To cite Authorities innumerable.

Nor

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Nor in a new inuention. But that man,
Who make good vse of eu'ry creature can;
And from all things, that happen well, or ill,
Contentment drawes; (and keepes a Conscience still,
To witnesse his endeauors to be good,
That man is wisest; though he vnderstood
The language of no countrey but his owne,
Nor euer had the vse of Letters knowne.

To make faire shewes, of *Honesty* and *Arts*;
Of *Knowledge* and *Religion*; are the parts,
This Age doth strue to play: but few there are,
Who truly are the same they doe appeare.

And this is that, which daily makes vs see
So many, whom we honest thought to be,
And Wise, and learned, (while some *Scoones* doe last)
Proue Fooles, and Knaues, before thei' *Act* be past.

I want not sence, of those Mens miseries;
Who lul'd asleepe in their prosperities
Must shortly fall; and with a heavy eye
Behold their pompe, and pleasures vanish by;
And how that *Mistresse* they so doted on
(Their proud *Vaine-glory*) will with scorne be gon;
I feele me thinkes with what a drooping heart,
They, and their ydle hopes, begin to part;
And with what mighty burthens of vnrrest
Their poore distemperd soules, will be oppress.
How much they will repent I doe foresee;
How much confus'd, and asham'd, they'll be,
And as I praise their doome; eu'n so I pray,
Their shame, and sorrow, worke their comfort may.

I want

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I want not much experiment, to show
That all is good God pleaseth to bestow;
(What shape soeuer he doth maske it in)
For all my former cares, my ioyes hane bin
And I haue trust, that all my woes to come,
Will bring my Soule, eternall comforts home.

I doe not finde, within me, other feares;
Then what to men, of all degrees appeare.
I haue a conscience that is cleane within,
For, (though I guilty am of many a sinne)
A kinde redeemer, I haue found, and he
His Righteousnes imputeth vnto me.

The Greatest, haue no Greatnes, more then I,
In bearing out a Want, or Misery.
I can aswell, to passion set a bound:
I brooke aswell the smarting of a wound.
Aswell endure I, to be hunger-bit;
Aswell can wrestle, with an ague-fit.
My eyes can wake as long as their I'me sure,
And as much cold, or heat I can endure.
Yea, let my dearest friends excused be,
From heaping scorne, or iniuries on me;
(Come all the world) and I my heart can make,
To brooke as much, before it shrinke, or breake
As theirs, that doe the noblest Titles weare;
And slight as much their frown that might'st are,
For, if in me at any time appeare,
A bashfulness (which some mistitle, feare)
It is in doubt, least I through folly may
Some things vnfitting me; or doe, or say:

But

WITHER'S MOTTO.

But not that I am fearefull to be shent;
For dread of Men, or feare of punishment.

And yet, *no faults I want: nor want in me,*
Affections which in other men there be.

As much I hate an incivility;

As much am taken with a Courtesie;

As much, abhor I, brutish Vanities;

As much allow I, Christian Liberties;

As soone an iniury, I can perceiue;

And with as free a heart, I can forgieue.

My hand, in Anger, I as well can stay;

And I dare strike as stout a man as they;

And when I know, that I amisse haue done;

I am as much asham'd as any one.

If my afflictions, more then others be:

I haue more comforts, to keepe heart in me,

I haue a *Faith* will carry me on high:

Vntill it lift me to *Eternity*.

I haue a *Hope*, that neither want, nor spight,

Nor grim Aduersity, shall stop this flight:

But that vndaunted, I my course shall hold,

Though twenty thousand Devils crosse me should.

Yet (I confesse) in this my Pilgrimage,

I like some infant am, of tender age,

For as the Childe, who from his Father hath

Strai'd in some Groue, through many a crooked path:

Is sometime hopefull, that he findes the way;

And sometime doubtfull, he runs more astray.

Sometime, with faire, and easie paths, doth meet;

Sometime with rougher tracts, that stay his feet.

Here

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Here runnes, there goes, and yon amazed stayes;
Now cries, and straight forgets his care, and playes.
Then hearing where his louing Father calls;
Makes haste; but through a zeale il-guided, falls;
Or runnes some other way: Vntill that *He*,
(Whose loue is more, then his endeaours be)
To seeke this *Wanderer* foorth, himselfe doth come,
And take him in his armes, and beare him home.

So, in this Life, this Groue of ignorance;
As to my homeward, I my selfe aduance;
Sometime aright, and sometime wrong I goe;
Sometime, my pace is speedy, sometime slowe;
Sometime I stagger, and sometime I fall:
Sometime I sing, sometime for helpe I call.
One while, my wayes are pleasant vnto me;
Another while, as full of Cares they be:
Now, I haue Courage, and doe nothing feare,
Anon, my Spirits halfe deiected are.
I doubtr, and hope, and doubt, and hope againe;
And many a change of Passions I sustaine,
In this my Journey: So, that now and then,
I lost may seeme (perhaps) to other men.
Yea, to my selfe a while, when sinnes impure,
Doe my *Redeemers* loue from me obscure.
But (what soe're betide) I know full well,
My Father (who aboue the Cloudes doth dwell)
An eye vpon his wandring Childe doth cast:
And He, will fetch me, to my home at last.
For, of Gods loue, a Witnesse want not I;
And whom He loues, He loues eternally.

WITHERS MOTTO.

I haue within my breast, a little Heart,
Which seemes to be composed, of a part,
Of all my Friends : For, (truely) whensoe're
They suffer any thing, I feele it there.
And they no sooner a complaint doe make,
But presently, it falls to pant, and ake.

I haue a Loue, that is as strong as Fate,
And such, as cannot be impayr'd by Hate.
And (whatsoeuer the successe may proue)
I want not yet, the comforts of my Loue.

These, are the *Jewels* that doe make me rich;
These, while I doe possesse, *I want not much* :
And I so happy am, that still I beare,
These Riches with me : and so safe they are,
That Pyrats, Robbers, no deuice of man,
Or Tyrants power, depriue me of them can.
And were I naked, forced to exile;
More Treasure I should carry from this *Ile*;
Then should be sold; though for it I might gaine
The wealth of all *America* and *Spaine*.

For, this makes sweet my life, and when I dye,
Will bring the sleepe of Death on quietly.
Yea, such as greatest pompe, in life time haue;
Shall finde no warmer lodging, in their Graue.

Besides; *I want not* many things they need,
Who Me in outward Fortunes doe exceed.

I want no Guard, or Coate of Musket prooffe;
My Innocence, is guardian strong enough.

I want no Title; for, to be the Sonne,
Of the *Almighty*; is a glorious one :

I want

WITHER'S MOTTO:

*I want no Followers; for, through Faith I see
A troupe of Angels, still attending me.*

Through want of Friendship, *need I not repine,*
For God, and Goodmen, are still friends of mine.
And when I journey to the *North*, the *East*,
The pleasant *South*, or to the fertile *West*;
I cannot want, for profferd Courtesies,
As farre as our *Great-Brittaines* Empire lies,
In every *Shire*, and Corner of the Land;
To welcome me, doe houses open stand;
Of best esteeme: And strangers to my face,
Haue thought me worth the Feasting, and more grace
Then I will boast of: lest you may suspect,
That I those glories (which I scorne) affect:
Of my acquaintaunce were a thousand glad,
And sought it, though nor wealth, nor Place I had,
For their aduantage. And if some more high,
(Who on the multitudes of friends relye)
Had but a Fortune equall vnto me,
Their troupe of Followers would as slender be:
And those mong whom, they now esteeme haue won
Would scarcely thinke them, worth the looking on.

I want no Office; for (though none be voyde)
A Christian findes, he may be still imployd:
I want no Pleasures, for I pleasures make,
What euer God is pleas'd, I vndertake.
Companions *want I not*, For know, that I,
Am one, of that renown'd *Societie*:
Which by the *Name*, wee carry, first was knowne,
At *Antioch*, so many yeares agoe.

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And greatest Kings, themselves haue happy thought
That to this noble *Order*, they were brought.

I want not Armes, to fit me for the Field;
My *Prayers*, are my Sword; my *Faith*, my Shield:
By which, (how ere you prize them) I haue got,
Vnwounded, thorow twenty thousand Shot,
And with these Armes, I Heauen thinke to skale,
Though Hell the Ditch were, and more high the Wall.

A thousand other Priuiledges more,
I doe possesse; in which the world is poore.
Yea, I so long could reckon, you would grant,
That though I nothing haue; *I nothing want*.

And did the *King*, but know how rich I were;
I durst to pawne my Fortunes, he would sweare,
That were he not the *King*; I had beene *Hee*,
Whom he (of all men) would haue wisht to be.

Nec Curo.

THen, to vouchsafe me yet more fauour here;
He that supplies my *Want*, hath tooke my *Care*.
And when to barre me ought, he sees it fit,
He doth infuse a Minde to sleight at it.

Why, if He all things needfull doth bestow,
Should I for what I haue not, carefull grow?
Low place I keepe; yet to a *Greatnesse* borne,
Which doth the Worlds affected *Greatnesse* scorne:
I doe disdain her glories and contemne,
Those muddy spirits that delight in them.

I care

WITHER'S MOTTO.

*I care for no mans Countenance, or grace,
Vnlesse hee be as good, as great in place.
For no mans spight, or enuy doe I care;
For none haue spight at me, that honest are.
I care not for that baser weath, in which
Vice may become, as well as Vertue rich,
I care not for their friendship, who haue spent,
Lowes best expressions, in meere Complement:
Nor for those Fauors (though a Queenes they were)
In which I thought another had a share.*

*I care not for their Prayse, who doe not shew,
That in their liues which they in wordes allow.
A rush I care not who condemneeth me;
That sees not what, my Soules intentions bee.
I care not though to all men knowne it were,
Both whom I loue, or hate; For none I feare.
I care not though some Courtiers still preferre,
The Parasite, and smooth tongu'd Flatterer,
Before my bold truth-speaking Lines, And here,
If these should anger them, I do not care.*

*I care not for that goodly Precious Stone;
Which Chymists haue so fondly doted on.
Nor would I giue a rotten Chip, that I
Were of the Rosy-Crosse, Fraternity:
For, I the world too well haue vnderstood,
As to be gull'd with such a Brother-hood.*

*I care for no more knowledge, then to know:
What I to God, and to my Neighbour owe.
For outward beauties I doe nothing care,
So I within, may faire to God appeare:*

WITHER'S MOTTO

No other liberty *I care* to winne,
 But to be wholly free-ed from my sinne.
Nor more Abilitie (whilst I haue breath)
 Then strength to beare my Crosses to my death.
Nor can the Earth afford a happinesse
 That shall be greater then this *Carelesnesse*.

For such a *Life* I soone should *Careles* grow,
 In which I had not leasure more to know.
 Nor care I, in a knowledge paines to take,
 Which doth not those, who get it, wiser make:
 Nor for that *Wisdom*, doe I greatly *care*;
 Which would not make me somewhat honestier.
 Nor for that morall *Honesty*, that shall
 Refuse to ioyne Religion, therewithall.
 Nor for that zealous-seeming *Piety*,
 Which wanteth loue and morall *Honesty*.
 Nor for their *Loues*, whose base affections be,
 More for their lust, then for ought good in me.
 Nor, for ought good within me should I care,
 But that, they sprinklings of Gods goodnesse are,

For many Bookes *I care not*; and my store
 Might now suffice me, though I had no more,
 Then Gods two *Testaments*, and therewithall
 That mighty *Volumne*, which the *World* we call.
 For, these well lookt on, well in minde preferu'd;
 The present Ages passages obseru'd:
 My priuate Actions, seriously oreview'd,
 My thoughts recal'd, and what of them ensu'd:
 Are Bookes, which better farre, instruct me can,
 Then all the other Paper-workes of man;

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And some of These, I may be reading to,
Where e're I come, or whatsoe're I do.

I care not though a sort of ydle *Guls*,
(With lauish tongues and euer-empty skulls)
Doe let my better-temperd Labours lye;
And since, I Termely make not *Pamphlets* fly,
Say I am ydle, and doe nothing now.
As if that I were bound, to let Them know,
What I were doing; Or to cast away
My breath, and Studies, on such fooles as They.
I much disdain it: For, these Blockes be Those,
That vse to read my *Verses* like ragged *Prose*;
And such as (so their Bookes be new,) ne're care
Of what esteeme, nor of what vse they are.

I care not, though a vaine and spungy crew,
Of shallow *Critiques*, in each *Tauernes* spew
Their drunken censures on my Poetrie;
Vntill among their Cupps, they sprawling lye.
These poore, betatterd *Rimers*, (now and then)
With *Wine* and *Impudence* inspired, can
Some fustian language vtter, which doth seeme
(Among their base admirers) worth esteeme.
But those base yuie-Poets, neuer knew;
Which way, a sprightly, honest Rapture flew:
Nor can they relish, any straine of wit,
But, what was in some drunken fury, writ.

Those needy *Poetasters*; to preferr
Their nasty stusse, to some dull *Stationer*;
With impudence extoll it: and will tell him,
The very Title of their booke, shall sell him,

WITHER'S MOTTO.

As many thousands of them (wholly told)
 As euer of my *Satyrs*, haue beene sold,
 Yet, e're a tweluemöneth by the walls it lies;
 Or to the Kitchen, or the Pastry hies.
 Sometime, that these mens Rymes may heeded be,
 They giue (forsooth) a secret Ierke at me.
 But so obscurely, that no man may know,
 Who there was meant, vntill they tell them so.
 For fearing me, They dare not to be plaine;
 And yet my vengeance they suspect in vaine:
 For I can keepe my way, and carelesse be;
 Though twenty snarling *Currers* doe barke at me.
 And while my Fame, those fooles doe murmur at;
 (And vex themselves) with laughing, I am fat.

I am not much inquisitiue, to know,
 For what braue Action our last Fleet did go:
 What men abroad performe, or what at home;
 Who shall be *Emperour*, or *Pope* of *Rome*;
 What newes from *France*, or *Spaine*, or *Turkey* are;
 Whether of Merchandize, of Peace or Warre.
 Whether *Mogul* the *Sopby*, *Prestor-Iohn*,
 The Duke of *China*, or the He *Iapan*,
 The mightier be: for, things impertinent
 To my particular, or my Content
 I little heede; (though much thereof I know)
 Not care I whether it be true or no.
 Not for because, I carelesse am become,
 Of the neglected State of *Christendome*.
 But, cause (I am assur'd) what euer shall
 Vnto the Church, or *Common-wealth* befall;

WITHER'S MOTTO.

(Through *Sathans* spight, or humane Trechery,
Or, our relying on weake *Policy*)

Gods promise to his glory shall preuaile:
Yea, when the fond attempts of men doe fayle,
And they lye smoaking in th' infernall Pit;
Then *Truth* and *Vertue*, shall in glory sit,
Those, who in loue to things that wicked are;
And those, who through Cowardise and feare,
Became the damned Instruments, whereby
To set vp *Vice* and *falsehood's* Tyranny;
Eu'n those shall perish, by their owne offence;
And they who loued *Truth*, and *Innocence*;
Out of oppression shall aduance their head:
And on the ruines of those *Tyrants* tread.

Oh! let that *Truth*, and *Innocence*, in me
For euer vndefil'd preserued be:
And let me liue no more; if then *I care*,
How many miseries I liue to beare.
For, well I know, I should not weigh how great,
The perils are, that my destruction threat,
Nor chaynes, nor dungeons should my soule affright,
Nor grimme Apparitions of the Night;
Though men from Hell could of the Deuill botrow,
Those vgly Prospects, to augment my sorrow.
But proue me guilty; and my Conscience than
Inflicts more smart, then bloody Tortures can.
And none (*I thinke*) of me could viler deeme;
Then I my selfe, vnto my selfe should seeme.

If good, and honest my endeauours be,
What day they were begun ne're troubles me.

I care

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I care not whether it be calme, or blow,
Or raine, or shine, or freeze, or haile, or snow :
Nor whether it be *Autumne*, or the *Spring* ;
Or whether, first I heare the Cuckow sing,
Or first the Nightingale : *nor doe I care*
Whether my dreames, of *Flowers*, or *Weddings* are.
What Beast doth crosse me, *care I not* at all ;
Nor how the Gobler, or the Salt doth fall ;
Nor what aspect the *Planets* please to show ;
Nor how the Diall or the Clocke doth goe.

I doe not care to be inquisitiue,
How many weekes, or moneths, I haue to liue.
For, how is't like, that I should better grow,
When I my time shall tweluemonth longer know ;
If I dare act a Villainy, and yet,
Know I may die, whilst I am doing it ?

Let them, whose braines are sicke of that disease,
Be slaues vnto an *Ephemerides*.

Search *Constellations*, and themselues apply ;
To finde the *Fate* of their *Natiuitie*.

I'll seeke within me; and if there I find,
Those *Stars* that should giue light vnto my mind,
Rise sayre and timely in me, and affect,
Each other with a naturall aspect.

If in coniunction, there perceiue I may
True *Vertue*, and *Religion* euery day ;
And walke, according to that influence,
Which is deriued vnto me from thence ;
I feare no Fortunes, what soe're they be,
Nor care I, what my *Stars* doe threaten me,

WITHERS MOTTO.

For He, who to that State can once attaine;
Aboue the power of all the Stars doth raigne.
And he that gaines a knowledge wherewithall,
He is prepar'd for whatsoe're may fall:
In my Conceit is farre a happier man;
Then such, as but foretell misfortunes can.

I start not at a *Fryers* prophecy,
Or those with which we *Merlin* doe bely.
Nor am I frighted with the sad relation,
Of any neare-approaching alteration.
For things haue euer changd, and euer shall;
Vntill there be a change run ouer All.
And he that beares an honest heart about him;
Needes neuer feare, what changes be without him.

The *Easterne* Kingdomes, had their times to flourish;
The *Grecian* Empire rising, saw them perish;
That fell, and then the *Roman* Pride began;
Now scourged by the race of *Ottoman*.
And if the course of things a round must run,
Till they haue ending where they first begun,
What is't to me? who peraduenture must,
Ere that befall; lye moulther'd into dust.

What if *America's* large tract of ground,
And all those Iles adioyning, lately found?
(Which we more truly may a *Desert* call,
Then any of the worlds more ciuill Pale.)
What then? if there the Wildernesse doe lye,
To which the *Woman*, and her *Sonne* must flye,
To scape the *Dragons* fury; and there bide,
Till *Europes* thanklesse *Nations* (full of pride,

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And all abomination) scourged are,
With barbarisme; as their neighbours were?

If thus God please to doe; and make our sinne
The cause of bringing other *Peoples* in,
His *Church* to be (as once he pleased was,
The *Gentiles* calling should be brought to passe,
The better, by the *Jewish* vnbeliefe.)

Why, should his pleasure be my care, or grieve?
Oh! let his *Name* and *Church* more glorious grow;
Although my ruine, helpe to make it so.

So I, my duty in my place haue done,
I care not greatly, what succeed thereon:
For sure I am, if I can pleased be,
With what God wills; all shall be well for me.

I hate, to haue a thought o're-serious spent,
In things meere triuiall, or indifferent.
When I am hungry, so I get a dish,
I care not, whether it be flesh or fish;
Or any thing, so wholesome foode it be:
Nor care I, whether you doe carue to me,
The head, the tayle, the wing, the legge, or none,
For, all I like, and all can let alone.

I care not, at your Table, where I sit;
Nor should I thinke I were disgrac't in it,
(So much as you) if I should thence in skoffe,
To feed among your Groomes, be turned off.
For I am sure that no affront can blot,
His Reputation, that deserues it not.

To be o're-curious, I doe not professe;
Nor euer Card I, for vncleanlinesse.

WILTHE'S MOTTO.

For I ne're loued that Phylosophy,
Which taught men to be rude and slouely.

I care not what yonn weares, or You, or He,
Nor of what fashion my next Clothes shall be.
Yet to be singuler in Antique fashions,
I hold as vaine, as Apish imitations,
Of each phantastique garb our Gallants weare :
For some, as fondly proud conceited are,
To know, that the beholder, taketh note,
How they still keepe, their Grandfires russet Coate :
As is the proudest Lady, when that she
Hath all the fashions, that last exant be.

I care for no more Credit, then will serue,
The honor of the *Vertuous* to preferue :
For, if the shewes of honesty in me,
To others Vertues, would no blemish be ;
(Nor make them deemed Hypocrites) if I
Should falsly be accusd of Villany:
Sure, whether I were innocent, or no ;
I should not thinke the World, worth telling so.
Because, to most men, nothing bad doth sceme,
Nor nothing vertuous ; but as vnto them,
Occasion makes it good, or ill appeare.
Yea, foulest Crimes, while they vn timer are :
Or bring in profit, no disgrace are thought ;
And truest Vertues poore, are set at naught.

I care for no more Pleasures then will make,
The Way which I intend to yndertake,
So passible ; that my vnwealdy load
Of fraileties, incident to flesh and blood

Discourage

WITHERS MOTTO.

Discourage not my willing soule from that,
Which she on good aduice, hath aymed at.

I care for no more Time then will amount,
To doe my worke, and make vp my account.
I care for no more Money, then will pay
The reckoning, and the charges of the day.
And if I need not now, I will not borrow,
For feare of wants, that I may haue to morrow.

What Kings, and States-men meane; *I doe not care*;
Nor will I iudge, what their intentions are :
For, priuate censures, helpe not any way;
But iniure them, in their proceedings may.
Yet, Princes (by experience) we haue scene,
By those they loue, haue greatly wronged beene.
Their too much trust, doth often danger breed,
And Serpents in their Royall bosoms feed.
For, all the fauours, guifts, and places, which
Should honour them; doe but these men enrich.
With those, they further their owne priuate ends:
Their faction strengthen, gratifie their friends :
Gaine new Associates, daily to their parts,
And from their Soueraigne, steale away the hearts,
Of such as are about them; For those be
Their Creatures; and but rarely, thanks hath He,
Because the Grants of *Pension*, and of *Place*;
Are taken as Their fauors, not *His* grace.

And (which is yet a greater wickednesse)
When these, the loyall Subiects doe oppresse,
And grinde the faces of the poore, aliae;
They le doe it, by the Kings Prerogatiue.

They

WITHER'S MOTTO.

They make *Him* Patron of their Villany;
And when *Hee* thinkes, they serue Him Faithfully,
Secure him in their Loues, and all things do,
According both to *Law* and Conscience to;
By Vertue of his *Name*, they perpetrate
A world of Mischiefs: They abuse the State;
His truer-hearted Seruants, they displace;
Bring their debauched Followers, into grace;
His Coffers rob; yea, (worse farre they vse *Him*)
The true affections of his people loose Him:
And make those hearts (which did in him belecue,
All matchlesse Vertues) to suspect, and grieue.

Now, (by that Loyalty I owe my Prince)
This, of all Treason, is the Quintessence.
A Treason so abhorred, that to Me,
No Treachery could halfe so odious be.
Not though my death they plotted; for more deare,
My honor, and my Friends affections are
Then twenty Kingdomes and ten thousand liues.
And, whosoever, Me of that depriues:
I finde it would, a great deale harder be,
To moue my heart to pardon; then if hee
Conspired had, (when I least thought the same)
To root out my posterity, and *Name*.

Who next in *Court* shall fall, *I doe not care*:
For, my delights, in no mans ruines are.
Nor meane I, to depend on any, so,
That his disgrace shall be my ouerthrow.

I care as little, who shall next arise;
For none of my Ambition, that way lyes.

Those

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Those rising *Starres*, would neuer deigne to shine;
On any good endeaour, yet, of mine.
Nor can I thinke there shall hereafter be,
A man amongst them, that will fauour Me.
For, I a *Scourge* doe carry, which doth feare them;
And leue, to much *Plaine-dealing*, to be neare them.

If my experience teach me any thing,
I care not old *Antiquities* to bring;
But can as well beleue it to be so,
As if 'twere writ, three thousand yeeres ago.
And where I finde, good ground for my assent;
I'll not be halter'd to a *President*.

If men speake reason, tis all one to me,
Whether their *Tenants*, *Aristosles* be;
Or some *Barbarians*, who scarce heard of yet;
So much as with what *Names*, the *Arts* we fit,
Or whether, for an *Auithor* you infer,
Some *Foole*, or some renown'd *Philosopher*.

In my *Religion*, I dare entertaine,
No fancies hatched in mine owne weake braine;
Nor priuate *Spirits*: But, am ruled by
The *Scriptures*; and that *Church* Authority,
Which with the auncient *Faith* doth best agree;
But new opinions, will not downe with me.
When I would learne, I neuer greatly care,
So *Truth* they teach me; who my teachers were.
In points of *Faith*, I looke not on the *Man*;
Nor *Beza*, *Caluin*, neither *Luther* can
More things, without iust prooffe perswade me to,
Then any honest *Parish-Clarke* can do.

The

WITHER'S MOTTO.

The auncient *Fathers*, (where consent I find)
Doe make me, without doubting, of their mind.
But, where in his opinion any *One*
Of these great *Pillars*, I shall find alone ;
(Except in questions which indifferent are,
And such as till his Time, vnmooued were)
I thin his Doctrin; For, this swayeth me,
No man alone, in points of Faith can be.

Old *Ambrose*, *Austine*, *Hierome*, *Chrysostome*,
Or any *Father*; if his Reuerence come,
To moue my free assent to any thing,
Which *Reason* warrants not (vnlesse he bring,
The sacred word of God to giue me for it)
I prize not this opinion; but abhorr it.
Nay; I no faction gainst the *Truth* would follow,
Although Diuinest *Paul*, and Great *Apollo*,
Did leade me; if that possible it were,
That they should haue permitted bin to erre.
And whilst that I am in the right, I care not
How wise, or learned, Them, you thinke, that are not.

I care not who did heare me, if I said,
That He, who for a place of Iustice paid
A golden Inn-come, was no honest Man,
Nor he that sold it. for I proue it can,
And will maintaine it, that so long as Those,
And *Church-preferments*, we to sale expose;
Nor *Common-wealth*, nor *Church* shall euer be,
From hatefull Bribery, or damn'd Schisme, free.

I may be blam'd, perhaps, for speaking this ;
But much *I care not*, for the *Truth* it is.

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And were I certaine, that to blaze the same,
Would set those things (that are amisse) in frame.
Shame be my end but I would vndertake it,
Though I were sure to perish when I spake it.

I care not for Preferments which are sold,
And bought (by men of common worth) for gold.
For, he is nobler who can those contemne,
Then most of such, as seeke esteeme in them.

I doe not for those ayrie Titles *care*,
Which fooles, and knaues, as well as I may weare.
Or that my *Name* (when ere it shall be writ)
Should be obscur'd with twenty after it.
For could I set my minde on vulgar *Fame*;
I would not thinke it hard to make my *Name*,
Mine owne Name, purchase me as true renown;
As to be cald, by some old ruin'd Town.

I loue my *Countray*, yet *I doe not care*,
In what Dominions my abidings are:
For, any Region on the Earth shall be,
(On good occasion) natiue Soile to me.

I care not though there be a muddy crew,
Whose blockishnes, (because it neuer knew
The ground of this my *Carelesnes*) will smile,
As if they thought I rauid, all this while.
For, those the *Proverb* saith, *That live in Hell*
Can ne'r conceive what 'tis in Heaven to dwell.

I care not for those Places, whereunto
Bad men do sooner climbe then *Good men* do:
And from whose euer-gogling station, all
May at the pleasure of another, fall

But

WITHER'S MOTTO:

But oh ! How carelesse euery way, am I,
Of their base mindes, who liuing decently
Vpon their owne Demeanes; there fearelesse might
Enioy the day, from morning yntill night,
In sweet contentments: rendring praise to *Him*,
Who gaue these blessings, and this rest to them;
That free from Cares, and Enuies of the Court;
In they honor'd in their Neighbours good report;
Might twenty pleasures, that Kings know not, trie,
And keepe a quiet *Conscience*, till they die?

Oh God ! how mad are they, who thus may do !
Yet, that poore happinesse to reach ynto,
Which is but painted; will those Blessings shun,
And bribe, and woo, and sweat to be yndone
How dull are they? Who when they home may keepe,
And there, vpon their owne soft pillowes sleepe,
In deare security; would roame about,
Vncertaine hopes, or pleasure to finde out?
Yea, straine themselues a slippery place to buy,
With hazarding, their states to beggery?
With giuing vp, their Liberties, their Fame?
With their aduenturing on perpetuall shame:
With prostituting *Nieces, Daughters, Wives*;
By putting into Ieopardy their liues?
By selling of their *Country*, and the sale
Of *Iustice*, or *Religion*; Soule and All?
Still dreaming on Content; although they may
Behold, by new examples, eu'ry day
That those hopes faile; and faile them not alone;
In such vaine things as they presumed on:

But

WITHER'S MOTTO.

But bring them also (many-times) those cares;
Those sad distractions, those dispaire, and feares;
That all their glorious guildings, cannot hide
Those wofull Ruines, on their inner-side.
But, ten to one, at length they doe depart;
With losse, with shame, and with a broken heart.

I care not for this Humor, but I had,
Far rather lye in *Bedlem*, chain'd and mad;
Then be, with these mens frantique mood posselt:
For, there they doe lesse harme, and haue more rest.

I care not when there comes a *Parliament*:
For I am no Proiecter, who inuent
New *Monopolies*, or such *Snares*, as Those,
Who, wickedly pretending goodly shewes,
Abuses to reforme; engender more:
And farre lesse tollerable, then before.
Abusing *Prince*, and *State*, and *Common-weale*;
Their (iust deserued) beggeries to heale:
Or, that their ill-got profit, may aduance,
To some Great Place, their Pride, and Ignorance.
Nor by Extortion, nor through Bribery,
To any Seat of Iustice, climb'd am I;
Nor liue I so, as that I need *to care*,
Though my proceedings, should be question'd There.
And some there be, would giue their Coat away;
That they, could this, as confidently say.

I care for no such thriving Pollicy,
As makes a foole, of Morrall Honesty.
For, such occasions happen now, and than:
That He prooues Wise, that proues an Honest man.
And

WITHERS'S MOTTO.

And howsoe're our *Project-mongers* deeme,
Of such mens Fortunes, and of them esteeme;
(How big soe're they looke; how braue soe're,
Among their base Admirers they appeare:
Though ne're so trimme, in others feathers dight;
Though clad with Title of a Lord, or Knight;
And by a hundred thousand crougt vnto)
Those gaudy Vpstarts, no more prize, I doe,
Then poorest *Keuell-rakers*; yea, they are
Things, which I count, so little worth my care;
That (as I loue faire *Vertue*) I protest,
Among all honest men the begger'lest,
And most betatter'd Pesant, in mine eye,
Is Nobler, and more full of Maiestie;
Then all that braue-bespangl'd Rabblement,
Composd of Pride, of Shifts, and Complement.

Let great and courtly Pers'nages delight,
In some dull *gesture*, or a *Parasite*;
Or in their dry *Buffoone*, that gracefully,
Can sing them baudy songs, and sweare, and lye;
And let their *Mastership* (if so they please)
Still fauour more, the slauerings of These,
Then my free *Numbers*. For, I care no more,
To be approoued, or esteemed, for
A witty *Make-sport*; then an *Ape* to be.
And whosoever takes delight in me,
For any quality that doth affect
His *Senses* better, then his *Intellect*;
I care not for his loue. My dogge doth so;
He loues, as farre as sensuall loue can go.

And

WITHERS MOTTO.

And if how well he lou'd me, I did weigh,
Deserues (perhaps) as much respect, as they.
I haue a *Soule*, and must be loued be
For that, which makes a lovely *Soule* in me;
Or else, their Loues, so little care I for,
That them, and their affections I abhor.

I care not though some Fellowes, whose deser
Might raise them, to the Pillory, the Cart,
The Stocks, the Branding-Irre, or the Whipp,
(With such-like due Preferment) those doe skipp,
And by their blacke endeauours purchase can,
The Priuiledges of a Noble man,
And be as confident, in what they doe:
As if by *Virtue* they were rais'd thereto.
For, as true *Virtue* hath a confidence,
So, Vice, and Villaines haue their impudence.
And manly Resolution, both are thought,
Till both are to an equall triall brought,
But vicious Impudence, then proues a mocke:
And Vertuous Constancy, endures the Shocke.

Though such vnworthy *Groomes*, who't other day,
Were but their Masters *Panders* to puruey
The fuell of their Lust; and had no more,
But the Reuersion of their meat, their Whore,
And their old cloathes to bragg of. Though that these;
(The foes to *Virtue*, and the Times disease)
Haue now to couer o're their knauery
Got on the Robes, of Wealth, and Brauery:
And dare behaue then Rogueships lawfully,
In presence of our old Nobility:

WITHER'S MOTTO.

As if they had beene borne to act a part,
 In the contempt of Honor, and Desart,
 Though all this be; and though if often hath
 Discourag'd many a One in *Virtues* Path;
 I am the same, and *Care not*: For, I know,
 Those *Buttersflies*, haue but a Time to show
 Their painted wings; that when a storme is neare,
 Our habits, which for any weather are,
 May shew more glorious, whilst they shrinkinge lye,
 In some old creuis, and there starue and dye.
 Those Dues, which vnto *Virtue* doe belong,
 He that despiseleth, offers *Virtue* wrong.
 So, he that followes *Virtue* for rewards;
 And more the Credit, then the Act regards;
 (Or such esteeme as others seeke, doth misse)
 Himselfe imagines, worthier then He is.
 If therefore, I can tread the way I ought,
 I *care not* how ignoble, I be thought:
 Nor for those Honors doe I care a fly,
 Which any man can giue me, or deny:
 For what I reckon worth aspiring to,
 Is got and kept, whe'r others will or no.
 And all the world can neuer raise a man
 To such braue heights, as his owne *Virtues* can.
 I *care not* for that Gentry, which doth lye
 In nothing but a Coat of Heraldry,
 One *Virtue* more I rather wish I had;
 Then all the *Heralds* to mine *Armes* could add;
 Yea, I had rather, that by my industry
 I could acquire some one good quality.

Then

WITHERS' MOTH.

Then through the Families that noblest be
From fifty Kings to draw my Pedigree.

Of Nations; or of Countries, I naught care,
To be commander; my Ambitions are,
To have the Rule, and Soueraignty of things
Which doe command great Emperors, and Kings.
Those strong, and mighty Passions, wherewithall
Great Monarch's haue bin soild, and brought in thrall,
I hope to trample on. And whilst that They
Force but my body (If I disobey)
I rule that Spirit; which, would they constrain,
Beyond my will; They should attempt in vaine.
Yea, whilst they bounded within Limit there,
On some few Mortals only domineer,
Those Titles, and that Crowne, I doe pursue;
Which shall the Devils to my power subdue.

I care not for that *Valour*, which is got
By furious Choller, or the *Sherry-pot*.
Nor (if my Cause be ill) to heare men say,
I sought it out; eu'n when my bowels lay
Beneath my feet. A desperatenesse it is,
And there is nothing worthy praise in this;
For I haue seene (and you may see it to)
That any Mastiue dogg as much will do.
He valiant is, who knowes the difference,
The vulger haue of such as Cowards seeme.
And yet dares seeme one, rather then bestow
Against an honest cause, or word, or blow.
Though, else he fear'd no more, to fight, or die;
Then you to strike a dogg, or kill a flie.

WITHERS MOTTON

Yea, him I honour, who new wakt from sleeping,
 Findes all his Spirits so their temper keeping,
 As that he would not start, though by him there,
 Grim Death, and Hell, and all the Devils were.

I care not for a Coward; for to me,
 No Beasts on Earth, more truly hatefull be;
 Since all the Villanies that can be thought
 Throughout the World, and altogether brought
 To make one Villaine; can make nothing more,
 Then he that is a Coward, was before.
 And he that is so, can be nothing lesse
 Then the perfection of all wickednesse.
 In him no manly Vertues dwelling are;
 Nor any shewes thereof, except, for feare.
 In no braue resolution is he strong,
 Nor dares he bide in any goodnesse long.
 For, if one threatening from his foe there come,
 His vowed Resolution starts he from:
 And cares not what destruction others haue,
 So he may gaine but hope himselfe to saue.
 The man that hath a fearefull heart, is sure
 Of that disease that neuer findes a cure.
 For take and arme him through in euery place,
 Build round about him twenty walls of Brasse;
 Girt him with Trenches, whose deepe bottoms lye
 Twice lower, then three times the *Alpes* are hye.
 Prouide (those Trenches, and those walls to ward)
 A million of old Souldiers for his gard;
 All honest men and sworne: His Feauer will
 Breake in (despight of all) and shake him still.

To

WITHER'S MOTTO.

To scape this feare; his Guard he would betray;
 Make cruelly his dearest friend away;
 Act, any base, or any wicked thing,
 Be Traytor to his Countrey, or his King;
 For-sweare his God, and in some fright goe nigh
 To Hang himselfe, to scape the feare to dye.
 And for these reasons, *I shall neuer Care,*
 To reckon them for friends, that Cowards are.

I care not for large Fortunes; For I find,
 Great wants, best trie the Greatnesse of the minde.
 And though I must confesse, such Times there be
 In which the common wish, hath place in me.
 Yet, when I search my heart, and what content
 My God vouchsafeme hath; I count my Rent
 To be aboute, a thousand pounds a yeare,
 More then it can vnto the World appeare.
 And with more wealth, I lesse content might finde,
 If I with Riches, had some rich-mans minde.
 A dainty Pallate would consume in cheere,
 (More then I doe) a hundred pounds a yeare,
 And leaue me worse suffised then I am.
 Had I an inclination, much to game;
 A thousand Markes, would annually away,
 And yet I want my full content at Play
 If I in Hawks or Doggs had much delight;
 Twelue hundred Crownes it yearely wait me might,
 And yet, not halfe that pleasure bring me to,
 Which, from one *Line* of This, receiue I do.
 If I to braue Apparell were inclin'd,
 Fiue *Student* Penfions, I should yearely spend,

WITHERS' MOTTO.

Yet not be pleas'd so well, with what I weare
 As now I am; Nor take so little Care.
 I much for Physicke might be forc't to giue;
 And yet a thousand fold lesse healthy liue.
 To keepe my Right, the Law my goods might waft;
 And with vexation, tire me out at last.
 Time, and (no doubt) with these, full many a thing
 To make me lesse Content, more wealth might bring
 Yet more employ me to; for, few I see
 Who Owners of the greatest Fortunes be:
 But they haue still, as they more Riches gaine,
 More State, more lusts, and troubles to maintaine
 With their Repenties. That the whole Account,
 Of their great seeming Blisse, doth scarce amount,
 To halfe of my content. And can I lesse
 Esteeme this rare-acquired happinesse,
 Then, I, a thousand pounds in rent would prize?
 Since with lesse trouble, it doth more suffice?
 No; for, as when the March is swift and long,
 And men haue foes to mee, both fierce and strong;
 That Souldier in the Conflict best doth fare
 Who getteth Armes of prooffe, that lightest are:
 So; I, who with a little, doe enioy
 As much my Pleasure and Content, as they
 Whom, farre more wealth and businesse doth molest;
 Account my Fortune, and estate the best.
 Gods fauour in it, I extoll the more:
 And great possessions, much lesse care I for.

I care not so I still my selfe may be,
What others are, or who takes place of me.

I care

WITHERS MOTTO.

I care not for the Times vnjust, neglect;
Nor feare their frownes, nor praise their vaine respect.
For, to my selfe, my worth doth neuer seeme;
Or more, or lesse, for other mens esteeme.

The *Turke*, the *Devill*, *Antichrist*, and all
The Rable of that Body mysticall,
I care not for; And I should sorry be,
If I should giue them cause to care for me.

What Christians ought not to be carefull for,
What the *Eternall Essence* doth abhorre;
I hate as I am able; And for ought
Which God approues not; when I spend a thought,
I truly wish that from my eyes might fall,
A shower of Teares, to buy it backe againe.

I care not for their Kin, who blush to see,
Those of their blood, who are in meane degree.
For, that bewrayes vnworthines; and shewes,
How they by Chance, and not by Vertue rose.
To say, *My Lord my Cousen*, can to me
(In my opinion) no such honour be;
(If he from Vertues precepts go astray.)
As when *my honest Kinsman*, I can say,
And they are Fooles, who, when they raised are;
Paine their beginnings, nobler then they were.
Yea, they doe rob themselves of truest Fame,
With some false honor to belye their Name.
For, such as to the highest Titles rise,
From poore beginnings, haue more tongues and eyes,
To honour and obserue them (farre) then all
That doe succeed them, euer boast of, shall.

WITHER'S MOTTO.

For, being nothing more then they were borne,
Men heed them not, vnlesse they merit scorne
For some vnworthinesse. And then, perchance,
As their Forefathers meannesse did aduance
His praise the higher; so, their greatnesse shall,
Make greater both their Infamy, and Fall.

It is mens glory therefore, not a blot,
When they the start, of all their Names haue got;
And it was worthlesse Enuy, first begun,
That false opinion, which so farre hath run.
Which well they know whose Vertues honor winn,
And shame not to confesse their poorest Kinn.
For, whensoever they doe looke on *Those*,
To God they praises giue, and thus suppose:
Loe; when the hand of Heauen, aduanced *Vs*,
Above our brethren, to be lifted thus;
He let them stay behind, for markes to show,
From whence we came, and whither we may goe.

To haue the Minde of those, *I doe not care*,
Who both so shamelesse, and so foolish are;
That to acquire some poore esteeme, where they
Were neuer heard of, vntill yesterday,
(And neuer shall perhaps, be thought on more)
Can Prodiggally, there consume their store;
And stand vpon their points, of honor so;
As if their Credit, had an ouerthrow,
Without Redemption; If in ought they misse,
Wherein th'accomplisht *Gallant* punctuall is,
Yet basely, eu'ry Qualitie despise;
In which true Wisedome, and true honor lies.

WITHERS MOTTO.

If you, and one of those, should dine to day,
Twere three to one, but He for all would pay:
If but your Seruant light him to the doore,
He will reward him; If but he, and's whore,
Carocht a Furlong are; the Coachman may,
For seppnight after, let his Horses play.
And yet, this fellow, whom abroad you shall
Perceiue so noble, and so liberall,
(To gaine a dayes, perhaps, but one howres fame)
Mong those that hardly, will enquire his name.
At home (where euery good, and euery ill,
Remaines to honour, or to shame him still)
Neglects Humanity. Yea, where he liues,
And needs most loue; all cause of hatred giues:
To poll, to racke, to ruine, and oppresse,
The poore, the Widow, and the fatherlesse.
To shift, to lye, to couzen, and delay,
The Lab'rer and the Creditor of pay,
Are there his practises. And yet this Assie,
Would for a man of worth, and honour passe.
The Deuill he shall assoone: and, I will write,
The Story of his being Conuertite.

I care not for the Worlds vaine blast of Fame,
Nor doe I greatly feare the Trump of shame:
For, wharsoeuer good, or ill is done,
The rumor of it in a weeke is gone,
One thing put out another: And men sorrow,
To day, perhaps for what they ioy to morrow.
And it is likely, that e're night they may,
Condemne the Man, they praised yesterday;

Hang

WITHERS MOTTO.

Hang him next morning, and be sorry then;
Because he cannot be aliue agen.

But, grant the fame of things had larger date:
Alas! what glory is it, if men prate
In some three Parishes of that we doe,
When three great Kingdomes, are but Mole-hills to,
I nee the's Circumference? And scarce one man
Of twenty Millions, know our actions can?
Beleeue me; it is worth so little thought,
(If the offence to others were not ought)
What mens opinions, or their speeches be;
That were there not, a better cause in me,
Which mou'd to *Vertue*) *I would neuer care*,
Whether, my Actions, good or euill were.

Though still vnheeded, of the World, I spend,
My Time, and Studies, to the noblest end;
One hayre, *I care not*. For, I find reward,
Beyond the Worlds requitall, or regard.
And since all men, some things erronious doe;
And must in Iustice, somewhat suffer to:
In part of my correction, This, I take;
And that I fauour'd am, account doe make.

I care not, though, there eu'ry houre, should bee
Some outward discontent to busie me.
And, as I would not too much Tryall haue;
So, too much, carnall peace I doe not craue.
The one, might giue my Faith a dangerous blow;
The other would peruert my life, I know,
For, few loue *Vertue* in Aduersity;
But fewer hold it, in Prosperitie.

Vaine

WITHERS MOTTO.

Vaine *Hopes* (when I had nought, but hopes alone)
 Haue made me erre: Then whither had I gone,
 (If I, the full possession had attain'd)
 When, but meeere *Hopes*, my heart so folly train'd?
 Smooth *Wages*, would make me wanton; And my
 Must lye, where Labor, Industry, and Force, (course
 Must worke me Passage, for, I shall not keepe,
 My *Soule* from dull *Securities*, dead-sleepe.
 But, outward *Discontentments* make me flye,
 Farre higher, then the *Worlds Contents* doe lye.

I neither for their pompe, or glory care;
 Who by the loue of *Vice* aduanced are,
 Faire *Virtue* is the louely Nymph I serue;
 Her *Will* I follow, Her *Commands* obserue;
 Yea (though the purblind world perceiue not when)
 The best of all Her *Fauiours* I doe weare.
 And, when great *Vices*, with faire bayted hookes,
 Large promises of fauour tempting lookes,
 And twenty wiles, hath woo'd me to betray,
 That noble *Mistresse*; I haue turn'd away;
 And flung defiance both at Them and Theirs,
 In spite of all their gaudy *Seruiters*.

In which braue daring, I oppos'd haue bin,
 By mighty Tyrants; and was plunged in,
 More wants then thrice my fortune would haue lent
 When our *Heroes* did, or feare, or scorne,
 To lend me succour, (yea, in that weak age
 When I but newly entred on the Stage,
 Of this proud world) So that, vnlesse the King
 Had nobly pleas'd, to heare the *Muses* sing,
 My

WITHERS MOTTO.

My bold *Apologie*; Till now, might I
 Haue struggling bin, beneath their Tyranny.
 But all those threatening *Comets*, I haue seene
 Blaze, till their glories quite extinct haue beene.
 And I, that crusht, and lost was thought to bee;
 Line yet, to pittie These, that spighted Me:
 Enjoying Hopes which so well grounded are,
 That, what may follow, I nor feare, *nor care*.
 Yet those I know there be, who doe expect,
 What length my Hopes shall haue, and what effect.
 With enuious eyes awayting eu'ry day
 When all my confidence shall slip away.
 And, make me glad, through those base paths to fly;
 Which they haue trod, to raise their Fortunes by.

They flout to heare, that I doe Conscience make,
 What Place I sue for, or what Course I take.
 They laugh to see me spend, my youthfull time,
 In serious *Studies*; and to teach my *Rime*
 The *Strames* of *Vertue*; whilst I might, perchance,
 By Lines of Rybaldry, my selfe aduance
 To place of fauour. They make skoffes, to heare
 The praise of Honesty; as if it were,
 For none but vulgar mindes. And since they liue
 In braue prosperity; they doe beleue
 It shall continue: And account of Me,
 As One scarce worthy, of their scorne to be.

All this is *Truth*; yet, trust me, *care I not*;
 Nor loue I *Vertue*, ought the worse a iott.
 For, I oft said, that I should liue, to see
 My *Way*, farre safer, then their Courses be.

And

WITHERS MOTTO.

And I haue seene, nor one, nor two, nor ten,
But (in few yeares) great numbers of those men,
From goodly brauery, to raggs decline;
And waite vpon as poore a Fate as mine.

Yea those whom but a day or two before,
Were (in their owne vaine hopes) a great deale more
Then any of our Auncient *Baronage*:
(And such, as many Wisemen of this age
Haue wisht to be the men) eu'n those, haue I
Scene hurled downe to shame, and beggery,
In one twelue houres: and grow so miserable,
That they became, the scornfull, hatefull fable
Of all the Kingdome. And ther's none so base,
But thought himselfe, a man in better case.

This, makes me pleased with my owne estate,
And fearefull to desire anothers Fate.
This makes me *Careles* of the worlds proud scorne,
And of those glories, whereto such are borne.
And, if to haue me, still kept meane and poore,
To Gods great Glory shall ought add the more;
Or if to haue disgraces heapt on me;
(For others, in their way to Blisse) may be
Of more Advantage, then to see me thrive
In outward Fortunes, or more prized liues:
I care not though I neuer see that day,
Which with one pinns worth more enrich me may.

Yea, by the eternall *Daisy* I vow;
Who knowes (I lie not, who doth heare me now.
Whose dreadfull Maiesty is all I feare,
Of whose great *Spirit*, These, the sparcklings are,

And

WITHERS MOTTE.

And who will make me, such proud dancing, out! I ha A
If this my *Exaltation* be wnture. (some wot in) But (in few yeares)

So I may still reiaine that inward Peace,
That loue and taste, of the eternal Bliss, y^e w^h b^e A
Those matchlesse Comforts, and those braue desires,
Those sweet Contentments, and immortall Fires, y^e w^h b^e A
Which at this instant doe inflame my breast, y^e w^h b^e A
(And are too excellent to be exempted.) y^e w^h b^e A

I doe not care a Rush, though I were borne, y^e w^h b^e A
Vnto the greatest Pouerty, and come, y^e w^h b^e A
That (since God first infused it, with his breath) y^e w^h b^e A
Poore Flesh and blood, did ouer growe beneath, y^e w^h b^e A
Excepting onely, such a load it were, y^e w^h b^e A
As no *Humany* was made to beare, y^e w^h b^e A

Yea, let me keepe these Thoughts, and be be h^u d,
Vpon my backe, the spight of all the world, y^e w^h b^e A
Let me haue neither drinke, nor bread to eate, y^e w^h b^e A
Nor Cloathes to weare, y^e w^h b^e A
Let me become vnto my selfe a lide, y^e w^h b^e A
Or, causelesse here, the markes of Iustice, haue y^e w^h b^e A
For some great Villany, that I here thought, y^e w^h b^e A
Let my best actions, be against me brought, y^e w^h b^e A
That small repute, and that poore little fame, y^e w^h b^e A
Which I haue got; let men vnto my shame, y^e w^h b^e A
Hereafter turne. Let me become the fable, y^e w^h b^e A
A talke of Fables. Let me be miserable, y^e w^h b^e A
In all mens eyes, and yet let no man spare, y^e w^h b^e A
(Though that would make me happy, y^e w^h b^e A
Nay, (which is More vn sufferable farre, y^e w^h b^e A
Then all the miserie, y^e w^h b^e A

Let

WITHERS MOTTO.

Let that deere *Friend*, whose loue is more to me,
Then all those drops of Crymson liquor be,
That warme my heart, and for whose onely good;
I could the brunt, of all this Care, haue stood)
Let him forsake me, Let that prized Friend,
Be cruell to; and when distrest, I send
To seeke his Comfort, let him looke on me,
With bitter scorne, and so hard-hearted be;
As that (although he know me innocent,
And how those Miseries I vnderwent,
In loue to him) He, yet deny me should,
One gentle looke, though that suffice me could,
And (truely grieu'd, to make me) bring in place,
My well knowne Foe, to scorne me, to my face.

Let this befall me; and with this, beside,
Let Me, be for the faulty friend belide.
Let my Religion and my Honestie;
Be counted till my death Hypocrysie.
And, when I die, let till the generall *Doomes*;
My *Name*, each houre into question come,
For *Sinnes* I neuer did. And if to this,
You ought can add, which yet more gricuous is,
Let that befall me to; So that, in Me,
Those comforts may encrease, that springing be,
To helpe me beare it. Let that Grace descend,
Of which I now, some portion apprehend:
And then, as I already (here-tofore)
(Vpon my *Makers* strength, relying) swore,
So, now I swears againe. If ought it could,
Gods glory further, that I suffer should:

Thos:

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Those Miseries recired; *I nor care,*
How soone they ceazd me, nor how long they were!
For, He can make them Pleasures, and I know,
As long as he inflicts them, will doe so.

Nor vnto this Assurance am I come,
By any *Apothegmes*, gathered from
Our old, and much admir'd *Philosophers*.
My Sayings are mine owne, as well as theirs;
For, whatsoe're account of them is made,
I haue as good experience of them had.
Yea, when I die (though now they sleighted be)
The *Times* to come, for Them, shall honour me:
And praise that *Minde* of mine, which now perchance,
Shall be reputed foolish Arrogance.

Oh! that my *Lines* were able to expresse,
The Cause, and Ground, of this my *Carelesse*.
That, I might shew you, what brave things they be,
Which at this instant are a fire in me.

Fooles may deride me, and suppose, that This
(No more) but some vaine-glorious *Humor* is;
Or such like idle *Motion*, as may rise,
From furious, and distemper'd *Fantacles*.
But, let their thoughts be free; I know the Flame
That is within me, and from whence it came;
Such Things haue fill'd me, that I feele my braine,
Wax giddy, those high Raptures to containe.
They raise my Spirits, which now whirling be;
As if they meant to take their leaue of Me.
And could these *Straines* of Contemplation, stay
To lift me higher still, but halfe a day:

By

WITHERS MOTTO.

By that Time, they would mount to such a height,
That all my *Cares* would haue an end to Night,
But oh ! I feele the fumes of flesh and bloud,
To clogg those Spirits in me, and like mudd,
They sinke againe, More dimly burne my fires;
To her low pitch, my *Muse* againe retires :
And as her heauenly flames extinguisht be,
The more I finde my *Cares* to burthen Me.

Yet, I belieue, I was enlightned so,
That neuer shall my Spirit stoope so low
To let the seruile thoughts, and dunghill cares,
Of common Minds, entrap me in the snares.

For, still I value not, those things of nought,
For which the greatest part, take greatest thought:
Much for the world *I care not*; and (confesse)
Desire I doe, my care for it, were lesse.

I doe not care, (for ought they me could harne)
If with more mischiefes this last Age did swarme;
Yea such poore ioy I haue, or *Care* to see
The best contents these times can promise Me :

And that small *fear* of any plague at all,
(Or Miseries which on this Age may fall;
That, but for Charity, *I did not care*

If all those comming stormes which some doe feare,
Were now descending down. For Hell can make,
No vproare, which my peacefull thoughts may shake:
I founded haue my Hopes on him that hath
A shelter for me in the Day of wrath.

And I haue trust, I shall (without amaze)
Looke vp, when all burnes round me, in a blaze.

F

And

WITHERS MOTTO.

And it to haue these Thoughts, & this Mind known,
Shall spread Gods praise no futher then mine own :
Or, if *This* shall no more instructiue be,
To others; then it glory is to Me :
Here let it perish, and be hurled by,
Into Obliuion euerlastingly.

For, with this *Minde*, I can be pleas'd, (as much)
Though none but I my selfe did know it such.

And, He that hath contentment *needs not Care*;
What other mens opinions of it, are.

I care not though for many griefes to come,
To liue a hundred yeeres it were my *Dooms*.

Nor care I, though I summond be away;
At *Night*, to *Morrow morning*, or to *Day*.

I care not whether *This* you reade or no ;
Nor whether you belceue it, if you doe.

I care not, whether any man suppose
All *This* from Iudgement, or from rashnes flowes,
Nor meane I, to take *Care* what any Man,
Will thinke thereof; Or Comment on it can.

I care not who shall fondly Censure it ;
Because it was not with more *Method* writ ;
Or fram'd in imitation of the *Straine*,
In some deepe *Grecian* or old *Roman* vaine.
Yea, though that all men liuing should despise,
These Thoughts in Me, to heede, or Patronize :
I vow, *I care not*. And I vow, no-lesse ;

I care not who dislikes this *Carelesnesse*.

My *Mind's* my Kingdome; and I will permit
No others *Will*, to haue the rule of it.

For

WITHERS MOTTO

For, I am free; and no mans power (I know)
Did make me thus, nor shall vnmake me now.
But, through a Spirit none can quench in me :
This *Mind* I got, and this, my *Mind* shall be.

To Enuy.

NOW looke vpon Me, Enuy, if thou dare,
Dart all thy Malice, shoot me eu'ry where;
Try all the wayes thou canst, to make me feeble,
The cruell sharpenes of thy poy's ned Steele.
For, I am Enuy-prooffe, and scorne I do;
The worst, thy cancred spight can vrgē thee to.
This word, I care not, is so strong a Charme,
That he who speakes it truely, feares no harme,
Which thy accursed Rancor, harbor may;
Or his pernersest fortunes, on him lay.
Goe, hatefull Fury; Hagge, goe, hide thou then,
Thy snake head, in thy abhorred Den.
And since thou canst not haue thy will of Me:
There; Damned Fiend, thine owne Tormentresse be,
Thy forked stings, vpon thy body turne;
With Hellish flames, thy scorched entrails burne;
From thy leane Carcasse, thy blacke sinnewes tears,
With thine owne Venome burst, and perish there.

Nec Habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.

OSTON 22711
An Epigram, written by the Author on his
owne Picture; where, this Motto
was inscribed.

THus, others Loues, haue set my shadow forth;
To fill a Roome, with *Names* of greater worth:
And *Me*, among the rest, they set to show.
Yet, what I am, I pray mistake not, tho.

Imagine me, nor *Earle*, nor *Lord*, nor *Knight*;
Nor any new aduanced *Favourite*.

For, you would sweare, if *This* well pictur'd me;
That, such a One I ne'r were like to be.

No child of purblind *Fortun's* was I borne;
For all that issue, holdeth *Me* in scorne.

Yet *He* that, made *Me*, hath assur'd *Me* to,
Fortune can make no such; nor such vndo.

And bids me, in no Favours take delight;
But what I shall acquire, in *Her* despight:

Which *Mind*, in Raggs, I rather wish to beare;
Then rise through basenes, brauest Robes to weare.

Part of my *Outside*, hath the Picture shown;
Part of my *Inside*, by these *lines* is knowne:

And 'tis no matter of a rush to me,
How *This*, or *That*, shall now esteemed be.

FINIS.

his

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